

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL BY THE SEA
CALIFORNIA
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UNITING THE CONTINENTS

The Graf Zeppelin, first German airship to fly the Atlantic in four years, has arrived in America after a flight of four days. Eastern cities went wild over her arrival. We here are luckier: not having the immediate emotion to carry us off our feet we can more calmly evaluate what such a flight means to civilization. And the thrill of that is greater than the thrill of seeing the Zepp.

The picture of the airship which crossed the Atlantic in a hundred and twelve hours, flying over the Capitol at Washington, greeted by stars and stripes and throngs and shouting, is moving. One remembers other pictures of other Zeppelins. It is not so long ago some waved and shouted to see a Zepp come down in flames over London.

The airship passed through heavy weather. She carried twenty passengers, a large crew, and much mail.

All of which goes to show that a great invention of our time is now practically safe. One is carried off one's feet thinking what that means.

Other news in the daily press pales beside this. Political speeches,—little dogs barking at mountains. Man is infinitesimal—yet man invented aircraft. If man can do so much with his material universe, there is nothing he cannot do. Nothing. He may even achieve that he will never again have to rejoice at seeing a Zepp come down in flames over a hostile country.

THE RETURN OF ORAGE

We herald herewith the impending return, by request, of Mr. A. R. Orage, whose lectures in Carmel were so lively a punctuation of the summer. Although the date of his arrival toward the end of this month is not yet definite, he will give two lectures, one to the original group of the summer, and one upon a literary subject, possibly on the Art of Writing,—which lecture will be of a more general interest and addressed to a larger public.

PORTRAIT



from a photograph by Johan Hagemeyer.

Now scent of any full-blown flower
Will hang more deeply on the air,
To senses sharpened and made rare
By fragrance of a single hour.

Now any bird will wake delight
Sheerly, sheerly, and close to pain,
Singing out of the dark again
Some magical unquiet night.

—Ellen Janson Browne.

The City . . .

CARMEL PLANS ITS WINTER MUSIC SEASON

The Carmel Music Society plans an active second year. The presence, upon its Board, of musicians as well as laymen of fine musical discrimination, insures for Carmel a winter of high musical delight.

Two concerts have already been definitely arranged for. The London String Quartet for February ninth. And on the twenty-sixth of the same month, a joint recital by Leo Ornstein, pianist and Harry Farbman, violinist. The directors of the Society will plan the season's concerts so that the most significant of modern music is balanced by the finest of the old, and the classicist as well as the modernist find satisfaction of his musical hunger.

As one of the conditions of success of the season is financial stability, the Music Society will shortly begin a membership campaign. Response to this should be prompt and unquestioned. For after all, in a town culturally as small as Carmel, undertakings of this sort are of necessity cooperative and communal.

WIDE AWAKE

We have been to the Parent Teacher meetings in a number of communities,—but in none have the meetings been more lively and real than these in Carmel. It is evident that the Sunset School this year has a new spirit. The children feel it. It is all about the playground. Principal Bardarson has excellent cooperation in this, not only from teachers and children, but from the P.T.A. also.

At their meeting last Wednesday they were first competently addressed by George Dorwart, president of the student body. The students also had their own reporter at the meeting, golden-haired Jannie Hopper busily taking notes to report the grownups back to the youngsters.

The Board of Education is going to make possible a series of four lectures open to the public, by Dr. H. G. Baynes, psychiatrist, whose talk last month before the P.T.A. kindled a desire for further discussion with him of the psychological problems of childhood. "The child in difficulties," says Dr. Baynes, "is the child whose morale is at stake."

Principal Bardarson, speaking of the plans for the year, some of which are already maturing, as his keynote said, "We are interested in children as well as in subject-matter." The discussions by the di-

rectors of Music, of Physical Education, and of the Second Grade projects, communicated this fine modern attitude also. As we hurried from the meeting, while tea was being served and the discussion spread into conversation, we passed Officer Nixon, busy about the school building. "The school feels good this year," said we.

"It's great this year! Great!" he heartily thundered back.

TO ABOLISH POVERTY

Mr. Allen Griffin, editor of the Peninsula Daily Herald, was the speaker at the weekly Hoover luncheon held on Monday at the Pine Inn.

Mr. Griffin outlined four points which he considered the main issues in the campaign. "The biggest vote-getting issue in this campaign is the question of prohibition," he said. "And we've got to show these thirsty Republicans that there is no more chance of getting a drink under the Smith administration than under a Republican administration." He then reminded his audience that an amendment to the constitutional amendment which brought about prohibition, would have no chance while the present members of the Supreme Court remain alive. Mr. Griffin took it for granted that Governor Smith, if he became President, would select as members of the Supreme Court of the United States gentlemen who were definitely "wet." No one rose up to deny this assumption, and Mr. Griffin continued.

His next point concerned the issue of Farm Relief. He avoided the matter of Mr. Hoover's own stand, or lack of it, on the question; but reminded his audience that Mr. Smith had never travelled over the farm areas of the country until he became a candidate for the presidency. From this he drew the conclusion that "the Republican party is still in pretty safe hands in the middle west."

Mr. Griffin stated the third major issue in the campaign as that of the Tariff, which had suffered grievously, in his opinion, under all Democratic administrations.

His fourth point concerned the Oil Scandals which had occurred during the present Republican administration. While Mr. Griffin naturally deplored these, he pointed out the strategic difficulties which Mr. Hoover would have faced politically if he had made any protest against them while he was a member of the president's cabinet. He also pointed out that they were more than balanced by Governor Smith's Tammany affiliations. Mr. Griffin's audience enthusiastically applauded Mr. Hoover's tactful silences concerning the corruptions in and out of the cabinet in the matter of oil.

The speaker's fifth and main point he left until the last,—the question of Poverty. "We believe that Mr. Hoover is equipped

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

October

- 20 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- 22 Luncheon—Carmel Hoover Club at Pine Inn at 12:30.
- CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB SECTION
- 17 Current Events—10:30 at Mrs. Meade's home, Monte Verde Street, 5th house from Ocean Avenue.
- 18 Garden Section—10 a. m. at Mrs. Morris Wild's home, Monte Verde and 4th.
- 24 Book Section—10:30 at Mrs. I. N. Ford's home, 11th and Mission.

more than any other man in political life to carry on the objective of the abolition of poverty," said Mr. Griffin, "He will make it possible to elevate a little the American standard of living in the humble American home." His idea was that such an elevation would naturally follow upon the election of Hoover,—a change which he set effectively against his statement that "Al promises us something to drink." The contrast was indeed so appalling that the audience burst forth enthusiastically into song, the refrain of which, to a well-known college tune, was "work for Hoover!"

COMPASSION

Newspaper headlines blaze the news of disasters; the reader utters a word to record his moment of shock,—and then passes on to the next page. But the aftermath of a grave catastrophe does not often reach his consciousness.

In Carmel the members of the Christian Science Church, their imagination alive to the recent storm disaster in Florida, have sent a generous gift of money for Red Cross Relief.

MAN MUST EAT

Van Loon says the History of Mankind is the account of "an empty stomach in search of food." To supply this need the Community Church announces a Halloween Dinner for Tuesday evening, October twenty-third, at half past six. Excellence of the menu is assured by its preparation under direction of Mrs. John Ball of Lincoln Inn. Participation in the jest and jollity costs seventy-five cents.

Carmel News

FLIEGENDER WALDVOGEL

Emma Waldvogel is an artist working in the field of formal design in terms of form and color, and choosing for her medium textiles and stitchery. In short she is a craftswoman. But of a caliber, a quality, which gives to her work a peculiar distinction. Her work is cool and virginal, yet at the same time dazzlingly brilliant.

For years Miss Waldvogel's Monterey studio, exhibiting wall hangings and household interiors as well as gowns, has drawn within its thick adobe walls many individuals, often themselves artists, who have responded to the distinguished yet quiet quality of her work. She has recently opened a studio in Carmel also, above the Golden Bough Theatre. To visit this room is to become part of an exquisite composition of form, color, and space arrangement,—and is as important a part of any guest-visit to Carmel as is a visit to a city museum,—with the added advantage that here one may buy as well as observe. One may possess, instead of bidding, as in a museum, a reluctant and time-pressed farewell.

The influence of any artist permeates his times to some degree or other,—depending to an irrelevant extent upon the genius he happens to possess for becoming "known." Miss Waldvogel exhibits modestly every year or so in the south,—with the Arts and Crafts Society in Los Angeles, or, as now, from the seventeenth to the twentieth, in the Watson studio in Pasadena. But she should be better known,—for the quality of her work justifies it.

WICKHAM-ODHNER

The marriage of Miss Grace Wickham to Madefrey Odhner took place in Carmel last week.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Grace Wickham of Carmel, and was formerly librarian of the Carmel library. She was here last summer as a producing artist with the Perry Dilley Puppet Players in their delightful and heart-lifting performances.

Mr. Odhner is a poet, was formerly on the staff of The Argonaut, and has contributed to the Carmelite. (May we add that we have never received letters more scintillating than his to the Carmelite?)

Judge Fraser, an old friend of the Wickhams, performed the ceremony.

RUSSIAN SONG

Max Panteleieff, the Russian baritone, and his wife Consuelo Cloos, soprano,

both of whom have many friends in Carmel, are giving a series of Monday evening recitals in Berkeley during October.

The first two programs will be of songs by Russian composers, the last will be a series of poems by Sara Bard Field set to music by the Icelandic composer Magnus Arnason.

SEEN ON OCEAN AVENUE

Jimmie Hopper reading a circular (come all the way from England too) entitled "To the Civilised World." I ask you.

* * *

Kit Wilkinson holding a levee on the corner of Dolores to receive the congratulations of her friends on her recovery.

* * *

All the Press men (and women) of the Peninsula speeding. Its all right. Guth's on duty at night now.

* * *

Someone stealthily stealing a Carmelite off the wall of the First Edition Book Shop. You'll see said paper affixed with four drawing pins in future.

* * *

Tom Bickle on earth.

* * *

Supervisor J. L. D. Roberts in a swell automobile dashing down Ocean.

* * *

Mrs. Dickinson saying she saw it in the Carmelite.

* * *

Mrs. Blackman forgetting to say it.

* * *

Marshal smiling.

* * *

Big Pete looking serious.

* * *

The Lady Mayoress with a new Permanent. We like it, little lady.

* * *

Mr. Dickinson with a record of only seven new Committees.

* * *

People peeping in the Powder Puff, (mainly men.)

* * *

John Ward with a new blue pocket hankie.

"Cornell University is about to undertake research experiments to find out whether sunlight is good for colds." Well, if that indicates the relation of the eastern Universities to contemporary knowledge, we suggest the following problems for research by their more advanced students:

Whether bees like honey
How many feet a quadruped has
Whether pigs have wings.

The leading countries of the world in civil aviation are first Germany, then France, and Italy third.

Personal Bits . .

HE'S OFF.

Stanley Wood has gone off on a bat.

"Where?" we asked, when we heard he was going.

"I don't know. South somewhere."

"Going to paint?"

"Mh-hmmm."

"Go down to the dunes near Halcyon," we said.

"Maybe I will," said he.

"Only they're beyond painting. Impossible to do," said we.

"All right. I'll have a look at them," said he, with one of those looks in the eye.

* * *

Paul Dougherty the painter and Mrs. Dougherty leave Carmel Highlands to morrow, where they have been staying at Peter Pan Lodge. Mr. Dougherty has been painting on Point Lobos.

* * *

Helen Sterling, who has been appointed special correspondent for the San Francisco Bulletin, is leaving Hawaii shortly for Japan. While in Carmel, Miss Sterling typed authors' and budding authors' manuscripts.

* * *

Ann Dare and Peter Davis are soon to be off for a three months' trip to Europe.

* * *

Mrs. Kent W. Clark and her two children Kay and June are leaving Carmel finally for the City on Friday. They will live at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel, of which Mr. Clark is General Manager, but they will return here for week ends.

* * *

We hear from Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams that they have taken a house in Princeton and are going to live there. Their daughter-in-law Mary Williams who is on the stage will stay with them for a time. Jesse Lynch Williams has sold the serial rights of the novel which he had been writing in Carmel, to the Saturday Evening Post.

* * *

Grace Walton who is in charge of all the advertising for Kayser silk stockings, is in Carmel for a short stay. Guess if this is an ad!

* * *

Anne Martin has gone to Washington, D. C., for a month, to attend the meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom of which she is Pacific Director and of which Jane Addams is national President.

* * *

Lincoln Steffens has gone to Sacramento to lecture to the Tuesday Club on Directors at Home and Abroad.

DANCE-ADVENTURE

(If John Bovingdon the dancer had chosen the kind of planet he was to be born on, it would scarcely have been one on which a machine age requires that the energies of man be given to economic effort. He would have chosen to live on a star on which all might laugh, and even grownups play. John Bovingdon laughs, he plays,—a boy who will never grow up; who refuses to be caught and distorted upon the wheel of our civilization.

Last week, cycling down to Carmel, he had a hair-lifting adventure of which he writes below:)

I must tell you how yester-dusk I miraculously escaped dying and how it was dancing that saved a dancing-cyclist in a bicycle accident

On Monday noon at one I left Berkeley on my bicycle setting my nose for Los Gatos

Spent night there sleeping among stars where sounds from below and far glide thru the sky as if they had passed thru strings of a giant æolian then yesterday loitered up the Santa Cruz mountains having a nude sun-bath in a young pear orchard holding onto the side hill by its curling roots

Then tobogganed down the fringe of Santa Cruz and started south the fog becoming heavier threatening with rain

Along came a great truck of redwood travelling thirty to thirty-three miles an hour it passed me I lazing along saw it going thinking perhaps I should have taken hold were several 2 by 4's projecting back and on one of them flapped like a broken kite the red danger warning but by that time it was gone

But the fog grew and as I flew o'er took the redwood pile which had stopped for respite by the side of the road I decided to take hold therefore I took a right hand grip upon a 2 by 4 end and started speeding along

I'm glad to be writing this for it relieves me of the hypnotic spell of the twisted purple shadow the experience seems to cast over me you see I had been half thinking all day of catastrophe I think because as cars would graze by giving the cyclist barely the clearance one would allow another machine and putting the rider's life under thrice or much more times the dancer an autoist's life is under a kind of mad resenting sadness

This I think contributed to a certain recklessness and when I got into it in the imprisoning mesh of the event there was no turning back only to go ahead for any heart-ripping experience whatever but also the exhilaration of the delicate balance problem which was triply great when the redwood engineer turned out to the right to pass a slower car and

chokingly when a car would want to pass us coming up from the rear when I would have to swing over behind the lumber not seeing where I was wheeling into (when I reflect now I was mad my heart beating a tom-tom of despair I guess)

Anyway a slight down grade smaller other load of lumber truck going same direction half way down the slope my man prepares to pass I see we have to turn far out to the right of the road and there is a three inch ragged drop into soft gravel at the edge of the asphalt now at this moment it's nerve-pulling to write I was leaning way over to the left my right arm holding on the 2 by 4 leaning to the left that the bicycle could keep free of the disaster of the gravel and in this taut position my right arm tense reaching across my body to its fullest stretch not being able to see the road I was raging down the quick lurching of the load in passing the other truck then the bicycle began to tip my last most poignant picture is looking down at the green frame seeing it tipping sliding out from under me with a list like a yacht leaning far out to catch the wind

I was going

In another moment I should be falling

Then I remember my left hand left the handle-bar caught hold somewhere on the lumber my feet legs lifting clear of the cycle ankle grazing the bolt which bolts the saddle onto the frame I dangling at 35 miles an hour saw the bicycling hurtling like a beheaded body like the headless Chinese body done by the police during the lootings in Peking four years ago and it finally went under the wheels of the lumber pile on wheels we'd just been passing

It was a half-mile or three quarters I was hanging throwing my feet about trying to get a four-handed monkey-hold before the driver of the lumber wagon saw my gymnastics and the cycle was pulped if one can say steel will pulp

I hailed a returning empty furniture truck threw the wounded wreck with its pedals amputated and its parts bashed to terror threw it into the rear and got on the man behind said it was a terrible and super-human moment when he saw the cycle underpinnings go out and go tumbling and my still being there going along with the thirty miles an hour

—John Bovingdon

A true poet makes a flower of life grow in the heart.

—Witter Bynner.

To have great poets there must be great audiences too.

—Walt Whitman.

When people are both discerning and unhappy, they tend to believe that their unhappiness is derived from their discernment.

—Kenneth Burke.

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The Theatre . . .

WILLIE EXPRESSED

For five nights last week "Willie" expressed himself at the Carmel Playhouse.

It would not be fair to mete out too much extravagant praise to the Abalone League players; for there must be some plays that they have done better than they did this one, and some others probably far worse, but with all due respect to the histrionic talent of Elliot Durham, he was not the man for the part of "Willie." To arouse the antagonism in the audience that the role of the newly made butter-and-egg baron calls for in this play, and then late in act three by miraculous acting to force the audience into a sympathetic mood toward such a player so that they will swallow the sugary always-necessary happy ending, is a task calling for great ability in both director and actor. Some one more appealing, more helpless than Elliot Durham should have been cast in the role of "Willie."

As "Taliaferro" the æsthetic artist oozing soul Chuc Chadsey looked the part but could not speak it. Everything about him was convincing except his voice, which is after all necessary to the theatre.

Hallie Pomeroy in the part of "Frances Sylvester," heavy arty vamp was admirable. Likewise was the performance of Louise Walcott as practical Mama Smith.

—M. D.

THE SHADES OF BACH, BEETHOVEN, AND BRAHMS, SHUDDER

Miss Ayre, director of Music in the Sunset School, reports favorably upon the plan of the Standard Oil Company to broadcast daily at 11:30 a.m. Music Appreciation lectures for radio use in schools. These lectures will tell the stories of the composers' lives, and "THE STORIES THESE COMPOSERS INTENDED TO TELL IN THEIR MUSIC!"

If hereafter there should be heavy earthquakes at half after eleven in the mornings, we shall well know to what to attribute them. We shall instantly know that the composers, having heard these stories, are merely turning over in their graves.

The days that make us happy make us wise.

—John Masfield.

A soul entirely known is life achieved.

—John Masfield.

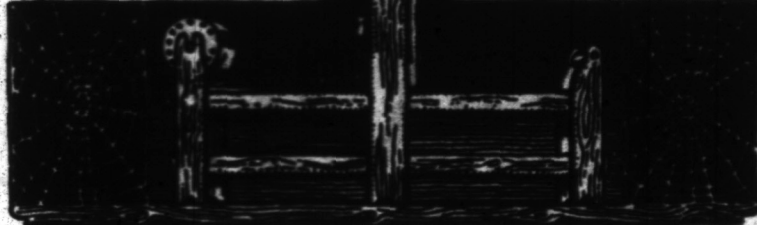
Acts may be forgiven; not even God can forgive the hanger-back.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

If there are ten people listening to something there will be nine misunderstandings.

All day she sits at her looms—you may look in over the double door and see her—

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The Arts . . .

ENTER THE NEW ART SCHOOL

Among the few progressive cultural enterprises in Los Angeles perhaps the most outstanding one is the Academy of Modern Art founded a few months ago by F. K. Ferenz, an Austrian by birth for many years identified in the East with the introduction of so-called ultra-modern art to America. It is in Vienna that the revolution in decorative art began which spread to Southern Germany, France etc. . . On the principle of applied arts this new Californian school is built, on the recognition of the need for new forms of beautiful utility in our everyday living. In the center of Hollywood it believes in being uncompromisingly modern, in guiding students to the evolving of forms which have a strictly modern because inherently practical and vital function. It believes that a school to be of value must be also a creative studio, a center of production—a real "school" in the sense of the expression of a group bringing forth work in and through teaching.

Ferenz hopes that there the new art of the West may be actually made. Doing is the same as teaching. The school is to be a workshop. Students will not need scholarship—this utter nonsense!—but will be earners, productive apprentices rather than parasites as they are in all the big organizations, conservatories, foundations and the like of our crazy Eastern cities.

The staff of the school is a remarkable one. Victor Mall and Peters were the first to join hands with Ferenz, the former an excellent so-called "commercial artist" who believes in the democratic art of advertising—the only way of bringing modern forms to the eyes of a public which does not visit museums or private collections,—the latter an architect and interior decorator of bold and suggestive vision. Others have come to fill various posts, to teach modern painting, sculpture, costuming etc. . . whom we have no room to mention here.

The important point is that there is a school which absolutely cuts out from its curriculum the worship of the antique, even of the classical European tradition in a sense; which molds its ideal upon the life of today, upon the new relation of craftsman to machine, and the new demand created by large markets which machine alone can supply. To bring beauty, that is inherent formal necessity and practical logic, to such big markets or public: this is the task of modern applied art. Is that not as important as to paste soul-trances on canvasses which

help the rich to show off to business associates?

Once upon a time men had wives to prove by their charm and social achievements the importance of their husband-masters. Women now are getting tired of being objects of display to satisfy the male's vanity—of course they satisfy their own today as a reaction!—; perhaps the time has come for Art to find also its mission, not in art galleries, but where men toil, work, eat and love...to help them toiling, working, eating and loving better.

—D. R.

A GREAT PLAY COMES TO SAN FRANCISCO

The opening of "The Dybbuk" at the Temple Playhouse in San Francisco on October twenty-ninth marks a notable event not only in the theatrical world but in the general world of culture. The production of the play in New York was the sensation of the dramatic season of 1925-1927. This will be the first performance in the West.

"The Dybbuk" is internationally known. It is a piece of work important for its literary value as well as for its dramatic excellence. It is based on the great religious movement of Chassidism, which came as a vitalizing impulse into the orthodox religion of the Jews before the liberating effect of modern education. It dispelled the dark cloud under which the Jewish race had labored for so long.

The theme of the play is a powerful one. It involves the use of the supernatural in one of the most striking ways the stage has ever seen. Gilbert Gabriel in his fine introduction to the book says: "The perambulations of Hamlet's father's ghost could have presented no problem so impish and immediate as this of the unseen, renegade soul, which, before your unseeing eyes, takes refuge in the breast of a maiden. The scene of the driving out of this dybbuk, this disobedient and defiant atom of inhuman passion, is still more fearful, in its mixture of the physical and spiritual, the explicit and the mystic.

The Temple Players will produce the play under the direction of Nahum Zemach founder of the Moscow Habimah Players. Irving Pichel, who is well known for his excellent work in many fine plays and who has achieved nation-wide fame for his recent portrayal of Lazarus in "Lazarus Laughed," will take the leading role, that of Rabbi Azrael. The settings will be designed by Harold Helvenston.

Look they last on all things lovely
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deadly slumber
Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days.

—Walter De La Mare.

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CALIFORNIA

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL · BY · THE · SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

A TAMMANY PRESIDENT

By Lincoln Steffens

There has been a Tammany man in the presidency. The people who oppose Governor Smith with talk of keeping Tammany Hall out of the White House seem to have forgotten Mr. Chester A. Arthur. He was elected a vice-president right up out of New York's Tammany and, when his president died and he succeeded to the power and the opportunities of the presidency, he showed the difference between a Tammany politician and the ordinary good man for president. Tammany put the test to him; they tried him out. They loved this man whom they called affectionately "Chet" Arthur. They had, by their trading, forced him on the ticket and, when an accident put all the offices and all the graft of the United States at his disposal, the Tammany leaders rejoiced. They dressed up in formal, black suits, put on the unaccustomed white plug hats of the Democrats of that era and paraded in a body to Washington to call on the President, their first, their very own. "Chet" would receive them; sure. "Come right in." They marched into the White House up to a great reception room where they found the president sitting at work at his desk. When they were all in and the clerks and ushers withdrew and closed the doors; when none but Tammany was there, President Arthur rose from his chair and came around in front of his desk. Resting his back upon it, he looked at his old pals, his intimate friends, and he smiled his famous, warm, winning smile and then, wagging his finger close

up before his handsome eyes, he said slowly:

"Boys, there's nothing doing; not here, not now."

A moment of silent character-reading, and the gang understood. They came up laughing to shake hands with "Chet," congratulated him, and went out, convinced, back to their train and home to New York where they belonged. And, the best of it is that they went right on loving "Chet" Arthur and respecting the president of the United States.

Mr. Chester Arthur did not seek and he was not called to a second term. That wasn't what he was after. What he promised when he succeeded to the presidency was to carry out without any unnecessary change in personnel or in measures the policies chosen with the dead president. And that's what he did, simply, intelligently, very gracefully; as gracefully as he put off Tammany Hall and as intelligently as a Tammany man must be. President Arthur was called in Washington "the gentleman."

You see, a Tammany man is politically educated. He learns to know what graft is, and stealing, and lies, and bunk; so he knows what honesty is and the truth. Tammany leaders, like all straight crooks, talk straight goods to one another; they know what they and their friends are doing and saying. They can commit crimes or condone them, but not errors. And that is their big advantage over your typical good man, the honest citizen who drops into politics from above or from the outside. The ethics of politics are so much higher than the ethics of business and the practices of practical politics are so much more sharply watched and judged than the conduct of business, that a good business or professional man in office is able to do wrong and sincerely think it right. He can lie to himself; he is accustomed to. We have seen this honest dub make mistakes which a crooked politician would not have had the nerve to do because to the politician they would be obvious felonies which he would have to commit knowingly.

President Arthur, like Governor Smith, was a Tammany man who knew and played the game with the Tammany grafters and with the personally honest Tammany careerists alike. He knew which was which because he knew what was what, and they knew that he knew. Wall Street knew too; and knows. The result was that Mr. President Arthur was able in a few words and a smile so to state his policy that big business and big politics left him alone to be the unambitious, understanding gentleman that he was born to be.

Now this is no bid for a vote for Mr. Alfred Smith. We are beyond Liberalism and Democracy as we are outside of Business and Prosperity. This paper has given or will give reasons for electing or

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defeating Smith, Hoover and Thomas. And we have said enough to show that we don't know how to choose between the Republican and the Democratic machines and their mass-production of graft, treason and cowardice. But we do detest bunk and so we dare say, as one honest crook to the whole mass of hypocrites and morons, high and low, that Tammany Hall is not a worse, but a better school than Stanford or Harvard for the education of a President of the United States.

SECRET DIPLOMACY

Mr. William Randolph Hearst is often so far ahead of his own editors and their newspapers that it looks as if he had given up hope of having them represent him and his policies. In crime, for example, he is an enlightened thinker, with knowledge of the science of psychiatry; he knows what a criminal idiocy punishment is. His editors and reporters don't, so he does not interfere with them in their criminal reports and comments. He simply writes himself now and then a signed article, which his papers print conspicuously and evidently do not read. Mr. Hearst's ideas do not influence the course of his papers in the matter of crime. They all express the lust for crime and punishment for the lusty public.

Mr. Hearst can influence his editorial writers in their political policies, but even then he finds that he must speak for himself on occasion. And it is noticeable that he is, unlike his staff, not only growing mentally but that he is growing in grace and wisdom. His editorials, so to speak, are reasonable, thoughtful and fresh with modern culture. He must read a lot.

But he must read and think unevenly. This week he had a long statement upon the Anglo-French Naval Pact in which he uttered again the well-worn protest of the peoples against secret diplomacy that was started by President Wilson. He is for open agreements openly arrived at. How can that be? When you think of the nature, the methods and the purposes of diplomats you can see that they have to be secret or not be at all. It is their business—their dirty trade that we are after, not only the manner of their doing it and, even if we forced them to confer in public, as we did in the peace-making that ended the last war, they would meet first in secret, as they did in Paris and then come out in public and report results—as they did in Paris. The Versailles Treaty is as near as we can get to open diplomacy. Mr. Hearst's popular remedy for the evils of diplomacy is as ridiculous as it would be to fight burglary by requiring the burglars to meet and plot their crimes in public; they might meet and they might confer in the open, these burglars, but they would have also to meet and act in private, like our diplomatic gentlemen.

The trail of corruption is the road to success.
—Lincoln Steffens.

A BOUQUET FROM A FLORIST

Publishing a newspaper is a little like talking over the radio; you do not see your audience and get no instant reaction. Gradually, however, you do learn that you have not been working in vain. We have been putting a lot of effort into our advertising columns, trying to make them of service and of interest, not only to the advertisers, but to our readers. Were we succeeding? The other day Ralph Edgerton, who has been inviting through his ads visitors to his famous old Harry Leon Wilson place, which he is running as a nursery, came in to us and he said: "I am getting results from your ads. I have got more results from the three or four advertisements in the Carmelite than I did from all the other advertising I have done for two years. This I know because people who have driven into my place have said that they saw my ads in your paper. They came from all over, too, from Pebble Beach, and the Highlands and Monterey, and they saw, as the ad. promised, things they wanted. One lady gave me an order for a thousand dollar job—on your ad. My guess is that the right kind of people read your paper, and you make the ads. so that the readers see and believe them. I read them myself, not mine alone; I read all the ads."

What we want to hear some day is that our readers appreciate our care in good sound, informative advertising. Let any person who has acted upon our ads. report to us that they got the service offered—or not, and they will help us make our business columns what they should be: a useful part of the paper, useful to buyer and seller, too.

And our advertisers might well aid and understand our effort to make the advertising columns decorative, so that the paper as a whole may be a pleasant thing to look upon. A Carmel paper should be a work of art, and it is not enough for us to have only distant readers note that they see what we are trying to do; we would like to have Carmelites care about the Carmelite. No hurry, but some time at your leisure do see and say that this is a representative publication that advertises Carmel as it is and would like to remain.

AND YET—

Somebody came in to the Carmelite office the other day and began twitting us unmercifully.

"Who wrote that article on kelp beds being preserved offshore near Carmel by the government to keep out tidal waves?"

Shaking in our shoes, we ventured that we had. There was mirth in this man's eye,—disconcerting to an editor, who should always be a monument of dignity (or so we are told).

"What's a bed of kelp to a wave?" our

visitor wanted to know. "You can't keep out a tidal wave with a bit o' seaweed. It won't pay the slightest attention to it,—just roll over it and laugh."

Desperately embarrassed, we crept into the wastebasket.

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND —

Big Business, like California city newspapers, may be "for Hoover." But an interesting item to be compared with this, is the fact that the liberal periodicals of the United States,—the New York Nation, the New Republic, the Survey, are urgently "for Smith." Their editors, distinguished liberals of their generation, are voting for Smith,—none of them particularly "wet" or addicted to vice.

Why?

An article which appeared years ago in The Survey,—a magazine originally published for professional social workers and sociologists,—tells the reason. That article was written before there was thought of Smith's running for president; when, in fact, he was in the first term of his governorship. Its writer spoke with astonishment of the magnificent social legislation which had distinguished this governor's administration,—achievement in the humanization of the state for the service of its citizens such as is rare in the history of governors. Yes,—to their amazement, liberals found themselves in full accord with the fundamental human attitudes of a man who happened to be a "wet," a Catholic, and a product of Tammany Hall. And that is why today it matters so little to them whether or not the wife of the next president of the United States has savoir faire and a good social manner.

In an article in the current Nation, George P. West writes of Governor Smith:

"What California does not comprehend is the simple old-fashioned 'goodness' of the man and the humane intelligence that has won him the good-will of the most critical public-spirited groups in New York.

"A foot-note should be added to chronicle the prevalence in California of a phenomenon that must be general in this campaign—the snobbishness encountered everywhere that chooses Hoover on two odious counts: one, that his wife would better grace the White House, and the other that Hoover's incumbency would add to the prestige of Americans traveling abroad. It is reason enough to vote for Smith."

"Guests come,
They are asked to dine
On salted eggs and bean cakes.
Please forget the simple fare;
The friendship of good men is
As pure water."

—From the wall of a Chinese house.

World News

The General Electric Company announces a new metal combination named "carbol" so hard that it will cut steel, glass, bore a hole in concrete and handle porcelain on the lathe. That company has taken a lot of scientists: chemists, physicists, inventors, given them a sure salary for life and a great laboratory building fitted for research, where they all work together. Conversation at their meetings, say for luncheon, must be fascinating—to them and to people who can understand it all. And they get results, not only for the General Electric.

A woman in Mexico gave birth to six, all in one litter. There is room in Mexico for a mother like that, but Mussolini would like to have her in Italy, for example.

Professor E. G. Daly, chemist at Liverpool University, has made a substitute for glass, cheap, burglar proof, unbreakable, which passes the violet rays glass stops. He names it polopass, in brief: plass.

Scientists who agree that the moon must cease from following us in a few thousand years, disagree whether it will fall off into space or drop back upon the earth. Sir Oliver Lodge says we shall get it back, Professor Scammell of the Radium Institute, that it will fly to pieces into the void. At any rate the poets and lovers won't have it, and neither will the tides.


President Coolidge restated the principle first enunciated by Lord Palmerston that the flag of a nation follows every citizen that goes abroad, and gives the excuse for conquest and empire. It was in a speech before the United Press Association at the Hotel Astor, New York, on April 26, that the President said:

"The person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain of the Nation. There is a distinct and binding obligation on the part of self-respecting governments to afford protection to the person and property of their citizens, wherever they may be. The fundamental laws of justice are universal in their application." It was guessed that this significant and warlike utterance was inspired by the arrest in Paris of the American correspondent, Harold J. T. Horan, for reporting of documents got from a French department relating to the secret Anglo-French naval accord, but it justifies also the American marines in Nicaragua and the British government of Egypt and will fail only the Mexican victims of murder along our border and other subjects of weak and backward nations. The fundamental laws of justice are NOT universal in their application. Such mouth-filling nobilities are excuses for invasion, not for defence.



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Peter's Paragraphs

Carmel had a complete change of air last week. The villagers did not travel; the air did. Three days of north wind at forty plus miles an hour are equivalent to a long journey.

"Every farmer from the Oregon line to Mexico is going to vote for—" It doesn't matter who the blank is; such a statement is and always is bunk. Farmers can't vote together that way. If they could they would get whatever they want from politicians like the one that uttered that silly lie.

Sometimes we listen to what a man is saying, sometimes to the man. What he says and the way he says it open his character to view and any character in the nude is worth seeing.

Are rich people mean because they are rich or are they rich because they are mean?

An ambassador, wise in the way of the world, mentioned one day a famous capitalist and said: "You ought to know him. He is a rich man but he spends money like a poor man."

A tradesman remarked one day that he had thought a neighbor of ours was rich; he said it as if he had discovered that he was poor. "Why, what makes you think that he isn't?" The answer came as a matter of fact: "Oh, he pays his bills on the dot."

An American millionairess who lived in London, came home now and then and stayed with some friends of hers who were comparatively poor. Her business agent came with her on one trip and, seeing the situation, told the rich lady that she must pay her hosts something. She made a face, but he insisted: "You come here once a year," he said. "You stay in this house three or four months at a time and you can see that they are not well-to-do. You must pay them." She lay back in her chair, resistant, but he knew her well. When she asked fretfully how much she was to pay, he realized that she thought he meant that she was to pay in cash, so much a week, or something like that. He relieved the whole difficulty by saying "Oh, draw them a cheque for five thousand dollars." She smiled, took her cheque-book and wrote five thousand with pleasure. To her, cash and small sums were money; she had been brought up to be careful of money. But a cheque for thousands—that was not money; that she could give away and never notice it.

One day a rounder, a newspaper man, borrowed ten dollars. He hadn't a cent

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to his name. That evening the wife of the lender said, when he got home, that they were invited to dinner by the borrower. They dined nicely, had a pleasant time and at the end, the borrower paid the bill with the lender's ten dollar bill. The waiter brought back some change and the borrower waved him away with it, but, as the waiter turned, the generous tipper plucked him by the sleeve, reached up and took ten cents from the plate, saying "Car fare, to get home with."

Meanness isn't exactly meanness; it is something else that merely looks mean to the rich, rich in something else than money. For richness isn't exactly the matter of money we think it is.

Any thought of rich men recalls an American in Paris. He borrowed the money to get there, five thousand dollars, and he spent it like that Poor Man referred to above. One evening he turned up with but two hundred francs left. What was he going to do now? "Well, I am going now to invite you to dinner," and off we went to a perfect little dinner at an expensive place, where, however, the cost was in the food and cooking. The rich man was the life of the restaurant that night; everybody enjoyed him and his wit and his happiness: the host, the waiters, the chef, whose cooking was understood, the other guests. When it was over the rich man borrowed enough to pay his taxi home, and the next day he turned up rich again. He had sold a picture. Luck? No. Richness. Last year he made fifty thousand dollars, but he is no richer than he always was.

The capitalist who lent this man the original five thousand asked for it and the artist refused to pay. "I can't pay you" he said. "That was only five thousand to you; it was a million to me and I haven't a million. So, I am paying back the five thousand to other fellows like me to whom it will be a million—each. That is what I call paying debts with interest." And the capitalist understood the financing of the rich man; he laughed and let it go at that. He was a rich man too.

The show is not the show,
But they that go.
Menagerie to me
My neighbor be.
Fair play—
Both went to see.

—Emily Dickinson.

Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness.
'T is the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur,—you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.

—Emily Dickinson.

Gardens . . .

"NEW" PLANTS FOR CARMEL ROCKERIES

By Lester Rowntree.

Since rock gardening has become so popular in America there has been a great run on the more common rock plants with the result that local rockeries are often stocked with plants of similar species. There is now a wide-spread demand for fresh material, for rockeries duplicating even the loveliest of plants lack interest and inspiration.

The rock gardens of England, Scotland and Wales have for many years been growing numerous alpine and subalpine plants that have seldom, if ever, been seen in America and yet are well adapted to rockeries of the Monterey Peninsula. Numbers of plants that thrive well in the scientifically erected and carefully tended rock gardens of England will not be happy in many of our casually made and carefully planted constructions; but there are many species which, on account of our mild winters and cool summers, would be much more at home with us than in the British Isles.

Mitchel in his "Gardening in California," recommends, for American rockeries, *Dianthus*, a dainty crushed strawberry colored little flower which, when once established, will travel congenial quarters and thrust up its horned heads of bloom until it has covered several feet of space.

Of low matted and creeping things there is no end. There are dwarf pinks in many varieties to cover the lower stones and *dianthus deltoideus* to brighten any neglected corner. *Tunica saxifraga* reminds one of the annual *gypsophila* and seeds itself promiscuously, spilling over into paths and steps,—no fit subject for the really neat gardener.

The thyme family offers a wide choice for the rockery; all are fragrant, rapid spreading and constant bloomers. There are thymes a few feet in height, one foot high, a few inches high and several quite flat ones that surge up in moss-like fashion to cover the bare stones.

One dwarf *campanula* is frequently met with in Carmel gardens, but there is no reason why we should not be growing more of the thirty-five or forty tiny bell-flowers commonly used in Europe.

We are all familiar with the blue *agathia* (known to some as *felecia*) which,—with *ajuga*, *mapeta* and the blue dwarf *convolvulus*,—is one of the standbys of the Californian rock garden. There is a useful little relative of *agathia* which is seldom come upon but has the bad habit of curling its blue petals under at all times when there is no sun;—so that,

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with us, the yellow center is the conspicuous part during the summer months.

We should use more violas. They are easier to grow than pansies, come in just as many colors and more varieties, have a stronger appeal, and are more appropriate to the rockery.

Two dwarfs of the wall-flower tribe are proving easy material for rock work,—a lavender which blooms almost constantly and a tiny yellow one, not such a good bloomer, but always presenting a decorative mat of foliage.

Then there are veronicas, linarias, snapdragons, gysophilas, St. John's Worts and arenarias, all creeping and very low and most suitable for chinks and crevices.

The alpine poppy grows almost as easily as our California poppy and when once happily established, seeds itself quite as freely.

For years they have been growing in European rock gardens, a native of our Western states which I have never yet seen in an American garden. *Synthyris* is found in the north coast ranges and is a charming little winter blooming "Alpine" with mottled leaves and attractive flowers of bluish lavender. It should be given plenty of breathing space, for those I brought down from Marin County were overrun and killed by rampant neighbor-

ing plants. *Synthyris* can be obtained from one of the Oregon collectors.

A great many of these plants are not yet carried by nurserymen; but if we can only create enough demand, these and many other new things will soon creep into the regular nursery stock, just as the heaths and numberless previously unused plants are now part of any well-stocked nursery. And for him who cares to raise his own plants, there are at his command, the glorious contents of fascinating European catalogues.

As rock gardening in California is still in its infancy (swaddling clothes, to be exact) there is much fun ahead for the gardener who chooses this line for his hobby. The Monterey Peninsula and the Bay Regions are especially favored spots in which to carry on, and for those who love to draw from and experiment with the endless supply of material hitherto unused in America, there will be some disappointments, perhaps, but certainly many joyful triumphs.

FROM THE SCIENCE NEWS LETTER

One thing we know that we don't know is the nature and cure of cancer. The result of this conscious ignorance is interest in all reports of progress toward a solution of that problem. It is not a germ disease. That seems to be about

settled. Now comes Dr. Ellice McDonald, Chairman of the Cancer Research of the University of Pennsylvania, reporting to the American Chemical Society Institute that cancer is associated with and possibly controlled to some extent by the relative alkalinity of the blood. A cancer cell is an ordinary body cell which is compelled to live in the wrong liquid environment. We would not like to be so near discovery and elimination as cancer.

* * * *

These paragraphs are from The Science News Letter, which we find to be the most interesting news weekly that comes to our editorial table. Its news is really news, world news, news of all time. It is well written, well edited, well made-up, good journalism, and the scientists say it is sound science. E. W. Scripps, the newspaper man who founded it, realized one dream at least.

* * * *

Another item from this organ of knowledge says that in examinations for engineers at the Cooper Union they are finding a way to save mathematically-minded men who used to fall down in general intelligence tests that had to be met with words. They are taking to these candidates now in mathematical terms. Of course? Not at all. This is news. Maybe they will apply this method to colleges and schools some day.

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Is what the land of the Carmel Valley Ranch would be worth in Carmel. And it's only 4½ miles out—where homeseekers are drifting now.

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The Youngest Set

Small Son had just been given a cookie.

"And what do you say?" chirruped his mother, as he contemplated it in the grave silence that precedes the ecstatic first bite.

"Have you got any more?" came the logical answer.

Pete Steffens heard the story of Jack the Giant-killer one night. He listened reflected and went to sleep without comment. The next day, however, he said that he was going to be a giant. What's the use of trying to bring up children to be giant-killers?

FROM THE SUNSET SCHOOL

Halloween Limericks by the First Grade.

There was a witch
That rode by the moon
And carried a lantern
On her broom.

—Jane Volk.

There was an old witch
Sat on a broom
And that is the way
She flew over the moon.

—Jane Volk.

There was an owl
Behind a tree
Along came a ghost
And scared away three.

—Marilyn Funchess.

There was a cat
That sat on a hat
And thought he was brave
So that was that.

—Clayton Askew.

There was a cat
Fought with a rat
And that was the end
Of that old rat.

—Nadine Meeks.

There was a witch
That was made of pitch
She caught on fire
Did that old witch.

—Phillip Titmas.

There was an old cat
That found an old rat
And thought himself as great
As anyone could be.

—Max Hagemeyer.

I had a witch
It fell in the ditch
And that was the end
Of that old witch.

—Max Hagemeyer.

I had a little witch
That caught a cat
She cooked it for dinner
And ate it on a mat.

—Billie Harris.

November 4th

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THE CARMELITE

Books . . .

HUNGER FIGHTERS,
By Paul De Kruif.

Harcourt, Brace and Company.
New York, 1928.

By Dr. D. T. MacDougal

(Written for Saturday Review of Literature.)

As judicial and sincere as are the appraisements in this book, an equally meritorious volume with the same title might be written without mention of a single name included by Paul De Kruif.

The almost daily governmental reminders to us of the millions of dollars worth, or hundreds of thousands of tons, gallons, or bushels of vegetables, firewood, cotton, tomatoes, hogs, oysters, potatoes, nuts, eggs, oats, wool, apples, milk, wheat and corn saved or added to our supplies by the skilled efforts of its thousands of agents with the unconcealed implication that larger appropriations could be used, makes a sated and indifferent audience for praise of hunger-fighters. The digger of roots, the gatherer of seeds and grains, and the producer of crops receives no more strident acclaim today than he did in the yesterdays of a thousand centuries.

The author places himself in a posture of formal adoration of the modern hunger-fighters who use the methods or results of biological and physical sciences in breeding and growing crops and domestic animals and in controlling the diseases and parasites which lessen their yield. The record of effort of something like a score of workers, living and dead, are used in exemplification of the theme. The personalities and motivation of these scientists are so crudely sketched that they are not recognizable by the reviewer who has had the advantage of personal contact with nearly all of them. Their actual accomplishments, however, are not over-drawn; indeed this would be difficult to do.

Mark Carleton who found the hardy durum wheat on the steppes of Asia and introduced it to the dry and cold fields of the Great Plains and Northwest; Mackay and the Saunders who bred and selected varieties for the Dominion, are fitly eulogized in terms which might be as justly applied to a score of their contemporaries.

The work of Dorset in the determination of the nature and prevention of hog cholera; Mohler, Loeffler and Lake who contend with other plagues, are likewise celebrated.

The food basis of American culture was primarily that of maize, and the grain from this plant is still produced in larger quantity than that of the recently introduced wheat. The major movement in

THE CARMELITE, October 17, 1928

the epic of the American corn plant had taken place long before the time of Columbus and Cortez. The deducible history of maize, after its grain attracted notice as a human food on southern Mexican highlands, its dissemination northward to the Dakotas and into South America involving the selection of special varieties for each new set of soil and climatic conditions is in itself an epitome of the domestication of plants by man. Comparatively little, from the point of view of the naturalist, has been done with this grain in the last five hundred years. So great is the annual crop, however, that any little advance in culture or breeding may increase yields by millions of bushels. The accomplishments of workers in the cornfield include so many separate contributions of supplementary value that formal evaluation is difficult.

The author has properly stressed the fact that satisfaction of hunger and physical welfare are not to be compassed by the furnishment or consumption of food to a certain necessary total amount of units of energy or calories. Out of the murk of our dietary ignorance there have emerged the vitamins of several categories which are indispensable to the action of living matter and for the construction of new protoplasm. Some of these little known substances seem to carry effects of sunlight and their action may be duplicated by direct exposure to the sun's rays.

In this connection are mentioned S. M. Babcock as the "father of vitamins," Hart, McCollum, and Steenbock, the experimenter, who trapped both vitamins and sunlight. Then, too, the workers, Goldberger, Sydenstricker, and others, who connected the dreaded pellagra with dietary deficiencies, are described.

Not much has been said about the eternal struggle for food from which no escape may be visioned. At no time does the race have a surplus which would suffice for a year. In this we have not gone far beyond the savage tribe which existed through the winter on stored nuts and seeds, or the squirrels with their adequate hoard of acorns.

In the possibility of the quadruple increase of the population now predicted, the real issue will depend upon the number of acres of tillable land necessary for the maintenance of one person. It is notable that in America there are still required 2.6 acres of tillable land for each unit of human population, in Great Britain the ratio is 2.5 acres per capita, while in Denmark with the most intensive use of land in vegetable growing and dairy farming the area has not been reduced below 1.8 acres. It would not be easy to forecast the developments of agricultural science by which the United States might make every pair of its 437 million possible tillable acres support one person in an increase to a total of 218 million people. One of the most alluring recreations of modern geographers is the forecasting of

human populations; by the estimates most in vogue at the moment, of the 8,000 millions of the future some 1,500 or 2,000 millions are to find a living in North America. If food or energy is to be obtained by agriculture or by the action of the green leaves of cultivated plants these figures are grotesquely large; if the scientific researches now being carried on in a score of laboratories for trapping of sunlight and using its energy as power for combining simple substances into others suitable as food are successful in any measure, these figures would be entirely without meaning.

"POEMS" BY ROBINSON JEFFERS

Introduction by B. H. Lehman.

(The Book Club of California, San Francisco, 1928. 310 copies, only, signed by the author).

"No moving life was there, I was alone;

..... Beautiful smile of God

We are always meeting on some lonely road."

And that is how you feel every time you meet Jeffers. This time it is in a binding that is as lovely as the printing of Edwin Grabhorn, as the initials by Valenti Angelo, as the steel-like quality of the photograph by Ansel E. Adams which is the frontispiece. The collection is made up mainly of poems from "The Roan Stallion," but the Prelude to the "Women of Point Sur" is included, some poems that appeared in periodicals, and three new poems, not published heretofore. One is called "Fawn's Foster-Mother," and the above three lines are taken from another called "Open Country." The third is "The Dead Men's Child" a combination of a curious Mexican and an old Scotch legend, both joined to support Jeffers' philosophy.

The Introduction to the book is written by Ben Lehman, Professor of English at Berkeley; it begins:

"It is the function of a major poet to complete the insight of the era in which he lives, and express it in measures and in an idiom congenial to the ear of living men. As a lyric poet Robinson Jeffers seems to most readers to have seized the contemporary view of man and nature."

and it ends:

"This is poetry, every line of it, poetry, authentic and powerful, brooded in a mind informed with the neutral Universe, heard by an ear sensitive to rhythms current in the world, vocal on a tongue that uses the speech of living men."

Edwin Grabhorn has done a lovely piece of work and the one or two misprints come as a surprise. Everything about the book is so perfect one would expect not even that imperfection.

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Tiptoeing back across a wood, I met
A strange boy in the falling of the day.
"Is this the road?" I asked. "Queer, to
forget. . .

But it is long now since I came this
way."

He laughed—his laughter so heart-known
a thing—

"Brother!" I breathed; then drew
back in
swift fear

Under the twilit trees, remembering
That he had died, oh easily a year
Before my birth. "Sister, sister," he said,
Now it is spring; come back again to me.
Had you forgotten, thinking I was dead?"
"Oh brother, it is autumn." "No, but
see—"

And white and frail and awful where he
stood
The petals of spring-beauty filled the
wood.

—Ellen Janson Browne.

* * * *

Only when our bodies
Have shut out mind
Can they learn the calm
Motion of dream.

—Stanley Burnshaw.

ORAGE SAYS

Art connoisseurs are usually incapable of
a real, original, truly-felt emotion.

* * * *

People differ, not by virtues, but by facts.

* * * *

The only possible knowledge is personal
knowledge.

* * * *

Unpurposive, undirected, desultory think-
ing is premature, senile, emotional decay.

* * * *

We don't know what the Universe is;
we never shall.

* * * *

We are not capable of absolute truth.

* * * *

You can love your enemy only if you
change your image of the person involved.

* * * *

Every effort at self-improvement infallibly
produces the opposite effect.

* * * *

Nothing is more deadly than a jealous
person who has reasoned himself out of it.

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MARRIAGE AND COMPANIONSHIP

The problems of marriage and companionship were attacked in a somewhat new and striking manner by D. Rudhyar in his talk at the home of Mrs. Henry Dickinson last week.

Digging beneath the confusion of the modern so-called "Companionate Marriage" he claimed that the main issue was whether a strictly "bi-polar" relation based on the personal man-to-woman attraction could ever be legitimate. He showed such a relation to be "short-circuited" and merely extended selfishness.

He analyzed then the Keyserling idea of marriage as "an elliptical field of tension," whose foci were two inherently solitary human beings, and the aim of which was to generate by means of such a tragic tension the cultural and cosmic energies, without which no human progress is possible.

To this dualistic and activistic conception he opposed the Eastern ideal of marriage rooted in unity or flowering into unification. The social unit there is not the couple but the village-community encompassing many castes and families. The marital life is but a portion of the individual life. Sex differentiation being but a temporary illusion, it follows that man-woman-children are really identical for the consciousness reaching beyond the need for such differentiation.

Companionship, Rudhyar asserted, was originally a mystic ideal, the Companions being members of some sacred Brotherhoods "those who eat of the same bread of wisdom." With Buddhism, the Christian gnostics, and later the Druses, social life was organized on a threefold plan. The exoteric group of men and women still bound to earth-desires and bringing forth children; the esoteric group of "Companions," celibates dedicated to the spiritual life; then the Masters or initiates.

Rudhyar claimed that such a conception will some day become generalized and that the modern companionate ideal is in a way the materialistic shadow of it. For according to such an ideal each partner brings to the conjugal unit his or her own external associations freely entered into as a member of various groups, clubs and societies, thus permeating this unit with the complex relations of the whole. To integrate marriage into the whole of Society, rather than to consider it as a self-sufficient bond between two personalities, permanently or temporarily in love with one another, this is the task facing the new generations. —D. C.

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FROM ENGLAND, WITH A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE CARMELITE

Dear Ladies of the "Carmelite":

Witness two poor Engländerers (Engländerinnen shall we say?) searching in little odd boxes, in books closed and marked "Memories," in chests tied up and sealed with forgetfulness, in papers marked "Curios of Foreign Countries!" Out of a little heap—one double 1830, 1 milliard milliard mark, 1 Early British "metal," 1 dinar, 1 lei, soiled, sad, and well nigh obliterated—witness these two, with gay fingers and amused smiles—amused and a little "light-hearted-out-of-season" by the smiles from the Carmelite and the fun in the Carmelite—putting on one side to send to its Editors:

1 dime,
9 5-cent stamps
1 book containing 6 @ 2 cent
1 book containing 19 @ 2 cent.

Total:

99 real cents,
in the hope—long before the little blue card arrived—of getting 91.5 more smiles—(allowing 7.5 for postage) the same to be continued in English money, when such time is expired.

But is there not some magic in the number 99? The lease of a house; the limit put to penal servitude in the Ottoman Empire; the number of the tribes of fairies in the west of Ireland; the age of Methusaleh's youngest grandchild; the number of wishes for the "Carmelite"; the pattern (seen a little awry) around the architrave of a Greek Temple (I think so); all this must prove the magic power of 99. And why, dear Editors, is it that I have exactly 99 cents in my house? Why not one more, why not one in the bedroom, one in the book-room, or one, even one, under the piano? (A brand new boudoir grand cast off by a friend taking up the lute).

Dear Editors, such a mood of gaiety is inspired in us by the temper of the Carmelite that we feel sure, unless we seal them down, our 99 cents will each take wing. (a-wasping, we hope—'tis September in sultry England) make light of the Atlantic and a mere gizzle over the Wahsatch Mts. (?) and flit in and swarm in the offices of the Carmelite—a swarm of cents hanging, dark and luscious over the business editor's table, and lo! these take wing, and each is of course ten dollars—what a rattling and a clattering of crisp paper wings too! And look again! Each is a sonnet, a lyric, a song as beautiful as "Morning"—here goes, Goodbye, 99! Much luck. Don't forget me! Oh, they're so glad. The tuppenny ones are blushing madly, the dime says "tinkle! tinkle!"—only the five cents are a little austere—blue blood you know.

—Viele Gruesse.

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